

THE THIN BLUE LINE

Drawings by Armand Both

BY ROY NORTON

THIS is a story of a bugler who couldn't blow, of a commander whose voice was too weak to command, of a waiter too old to wait, and of a handful of warriors, gallant all, who stalked bravely forth with crutch and cane, a thin blue line, to protect the flag. Some of the warriors are gone now; but the house from which they made that remarkable sally still stands.

You may see it there if you wish, the faded, weatherbeaten structure on the quiet west side street of the big city. Perhaps you have already seen it, and paused to smile, somewhat sorrowfully if you love your country and the glories thereof, at what is suggested by that creaking sign whose faded legend tells you that therein are the headquarters of Sheridan Post No. 32, Grand Army of the Republic. If you are a scoffer, it will suggest nothing to you.

On the door, small and old fashioned, nestling closely into the corner of the front of the building, as if fearful of all the changes of the street and the intrusion of skyscrapers, rude and jostling, is another sign, almost illegible. Once, years ago, its sedate silver letters told those who read that in this building was the clubhouse of Sheridan Post; but now its meaning is well nigh erased.

The windows of the house, with the small panes of glass that were the fashion in 1870, have the appearance of age, misty and filmed as many of them are with cobwebs, and seeming to squint upon the hurlyburly of life, as if they longed for spectacles.

The little stone doorstep at the foot of the obscure door is worn and hollowed; but suggests, somehow, the patience of waiting—waiting for the feet that nevermore, "save as ghosts," shall pass over it. And once many feet did pass over that threshold,—a phalanx of more than five hundred, gallant soldiers all, who laughed and reminisced away their idle hours in the Sheridan Club.

Then Time, the greatest General of all, began his slow draft, calling them across the midst to those other fields where mortal arms may carry neither buckler, blade, nor gun.

The Sheridan Club was a great place in those days of its founding; particularly in that short span of years wherein the man who presented it dwelt among his comrades. He died one day, and in his will was the stipulation that the building belonged, rent free, to Sheridan Post No. 32, Grand Army of the Republic, so long as there survived a single member of that organization. Then, the will somewhat whimsically added, the heirs should assemble, employ a bugler, "if such there be alive on earth," and at midnight stand uncovered while "Taps" were blown from the doorstep—"Taps" for Sheridan Post the dead! "And let him be assured," wrote the testator in his own crabbed hand, "that my comrades and I, five hundred strong, will be standing there, unseen, to pay reverence to his note." It will not be long now; so, if some night, as you walk that way through the stillness of that hour wherein another day has died, you should hear a lone and mournful call, you will uncover and stand, if you are an American; for you will be hearing a noble requiem.

Many of the clubrooms at the time of this story had long been neglected; for what could a bare score of men do to keep up the glories of a place that had comfortably accommodated a membership of five hundred?



At Their Feet the Preacher of Anarchy.

The dust seemed almost to have settled on the bald head of Hans Wagner, club steward, a waiter too old to wait. But lest anyone believe that he was merely an inconspicuous, common variety of steward, let it be noted that this same Hans fought with Sigel. Some of the club members might resent this statement; so let it be changed, as they might wish, and read that General Sigel fought with Hans Wagner; for Hans had fought. His demeanor was unchanged; although the entire club staff then consisted of Hans Wagner and one other. Once Hans had been a martinet, at that time when the club had its own kitchen and forty or fifty employees; but age had tempered him. In those days of splendor his own hands had been devoted to but one menial task,—and that to him was no task,—the dusting of the battleflags that hung over the doorway of the lounging room. He lingered lovingly over all; but of one was he specially reverent,—a banner of Ellsworth's Zouaves,—for of those standard bearers who had fallen beneath this shot-riddled bunting one had been a Wagner, and visitors were sometimes told, in whispers, that the valiant sacrifice was made by a brother of this same quiet Hans. There was but one decoration he never dared touch,—Maloney's bugle, kept bright only by Maloney himself, now too asthmatic to blow.

Time and again had the members of Sheridan Post attempted to pension Hans, and always these proffers were refused.

"What!" he would say. "Am I too old? Are not my accounts faultless? Is my hand too unsteady? Are my old legs too slow? Then, Gentlemen, I must try to do better!"

And always the end was the same,—that he stayed on, faithful and beloved, hobbling a trifle slower each year, always more of a comrade than a servant, dwelling in his attic above the quaint old house, and cherishing it, its dwindling veterans, and its memories. Moreover, he was a diplomat, as was evidenced by the fact that he steered a safe course and kept as friends the famous club enemies, Colonel Horton and Major Sherwood. And the enmity between these two doughty veterans was of such long standing that the members of the club took pride in it, and when all other topics failed returned to it as the one unfailing subject of interest.

LIKE everything else about the place, the quarrel had "seen its best days." In the early '70's it threatened to split Sheridan Post in twain at each election when a commander was to be chosen. Once or twice the Colonel and the Major almost took to arms, and were dissuaded from doing so only by their common friends. In the course of the '80's the five hundred began to fade away so rapidly that even the thought of a split became abhorrent, and in the '90's an endeavor was made to induce the two veterans to bury the hatchet; but without success. In the 1900's the factions themselves came together and compromised by electing the leaders alternately to the highest office of honor at their disposal, leaving to the alternate out of office the regulation perquisite, so dear to all those out of office, of criticizing the administration. Colonel Horton was for the time being Commander of Sheridan Post, and Major Sherwood the virulent carper.

It must not be inferred from this that the criticisms uttered

by the Major were direct; for that was another legendary impossibility, inasmuch as the two men had not spoken since the day when they belabored each other with walking sticks. And any member of Sheridan Post would tell you unhesitatingly that this battle took place at eleven-fifteen o'clock on the evening of July 19, 1872. He would also tell you that Private Maloney, once a bugler, but now too asthmatic to blow, separated them. Also he would add that the battle was not decisive; but that each contestant displayed good fencing form and a hearty and courageous willingness to sustain and inflict damage. Hans Wagner was said to have cherished a regret that the men had not been allowed to fight with *Schlägers*; but that may have been a false report. Hans never confirmed it.

The club had dwindled to such an extent that quite frequently not more than enough men could be found in its musty cardroom to form a hand at whist, and on these occasions the enemies had no hesitancy in playing at the same table, against each other; but always observing silence.

The Colonel's thin old voice would say to his partner, "Ask that man Major Sherwood, please, if he doesn't know enough to count aces."

Not the slightest attention was ever paid to comment or question by the adversary. That would have been too palpable a concession that the other person was on earth.

"If this club was properly run, as it has been in times

past," the Major would growl in his big bass voice, "there would be a few ashtrays around on the tables. Everything's going plumb to the bad here now!"

But it would never be the Colonel who shouted for Hans to bring a tray. For all of him, the Major could go trayless forever.

WHAT threatened to be the termination of all intercourse between the two old blades came at last when it was time for the election of a new post commander. No one ever knew quite how it started; but the Major, whose turn it was to become Sheridan's head officer, was absent for several weeks visiting his daughter in Florida, and a rumor circulated that he had said he did not care for the place of honor for the coming term. A journey to Florida was a portentous event for the Major. So wonderful, so unusual, so venturesome, was this trip, that he prolonged his stay for nearly two months. There were those wicked enough to suggest that he was getting old, and that it was for the benefit of his health; two reasons which the Major, had he been present, would have bitterly resented. The rumor grew, as do most of them, from a statement, to be accepted as an undisputed fact, because the Major was not there to deny it; so, for the first time in many years, Colonel Horton was elected to succeed himself as the proud head of Sheridan Post.

It was nearly three weeks later when the diminutive form of Major Sherwood limped across the threshold of the house that he had come to regard as home, his cane striking a vigorous stroke on the stone, and stiffly climbed the stairs. He hung his soft slouch hat on his hook,—for no one in Sheridan Club ever thought of using another man's hook,—turned to the pier glass and smoothed out his white mustache and goatee, jerked his coat down over his shoulders, buttoned it tightly, and walked in with a sense of victory. He had taken it for granted that he was now the post commander, and thereby, automatically, president of Sheridan Club. There would be ashtrays on the tables constantly, and other needed reforms which "that old simpleton Horton had neglected."

The club was unusually well filled. Indeed, it seemed crowded. There were at least ten men present, and Hans and his assistant were in a fever of work. Everything looked the same,—the crossed battleflags over the door, with Ellsworth's the most conspicuous, Maloney's bugle shining, the steins and mugs engraved or painted with names of soldiers long dead, the saddle of the famous General who fell from it at Chickamauga, the unexploded Confederate shell from Fort Sumter, and all that other collection of prized relics. The very tobacco smoke seemed to wreath itself in the same homely garlands round the blackened rafters. Nothing was changed, as the Major entered beaming and glad to be home again. It was Corporal Todd who first saw him, and seized his crutch, and hastened to give him greeting.

"Why, Major!" he exclaimed. "Mighty glad to see your back! Mighty glad! When we heard that you weren't going to let us elect you as commander again, we were all afraid you were ill, or that something had happened to you."

He ended lamely and stopped; for a sudden white, blanched look had pervaded the Major's smiling face.

"When you heard—when you heard—say that again, won't you?" faltered the Major.

Other men hobbled forward to greet him, and the Corporal was spared the trouble of explanation.

"Why, we understood," said Sergeant Barnes, adjusting his glasses so they might take a firmer hold on his high, thin nose, "that you didn't want to accept the commandship for another term. So we again elected the Colonel. We were—"

"What! Re-elected Horton? You made him commander of Sheridan—to succeed himself?"

The Major glared at his comrades, and there was an awkward silence.

"Ahem!" coughed Hans, standing in the rear and cranking his neck forward, and putting a discreet hand to his mouth.

"Then—then—" spluttered the Major, "it means either one of two things, Gentlemen,—that Horton or some of his followers played a scurvy political trick, or that Sheridan Post, No. 32, Grand Army of the Republic, no longer wanted Major John Sherwood! I bid you good-day and goodbye!"

HIS big, resonant voice boomed out the words as an ultimatum. He saluted stiffly, "bout faced," and walked to the cloakroom. Before the others could recover from their surprise he was descending the creaking stairs. They rushed after him, as fast as it was possible for men of their ages and infirmities to permit, and the thump of cane and crutch, of slow-moving feet and sprightly old ones, mingled as they pursued him on an errand of amnesty; for they loved him. Indignant, distressed, and hurt, he beat them to the little door in the corner, jerked it open, stepped through, and slammed it in their faces. It was too dark in the hallway for their worn eyes immediately to find the latch, and when they did find it he was well up the quiet street. Through the tenderness of the April air, so suggestive of scores of other springs when life was young, they hastened after him; but it was Hans and Sergeant Barnes who overtook him.

"Sir! Major Sherwood, Sir!" Hans appealed. And "Sherwood! Friend Sherwood!" quavered the breathless voice of the Sergeant, as he closed in and laid an arm on the Major's shoulder.

The Major shook the hand off and glared at

them for an instant. "Don't call me friend!" he shouted wrathfully. "Sheridan Post and I are quits! Understand me, Sir—quits!"

He roared the last word with all the crustiness of wrath, and with quickened steps almost ran away down the long street, beneath the budding trees that strove, from the curb's edge, to check him. Rebuffed, Sergeant Barnes turned to Hans.

"Humph!" he said. "Hans, let him go. He'll come back. Let us return—standing out here with the other boys making monkeys of ourselves! Hang him for a crabbed old fool! Humph!"

And the others, coming up in procession, and overhearing, watched the Major turn the corner, saw that curious people were staring at them from the windows of the street, and solemnly made their way back to the red brick building. But it did not seem that the Major would never return.

A WEEK passed, and another, and then the Colonel, when the post was called to order for its regular lodge meeting, stood up and spoke in his thin, weak voice, so pitifully small and sweet and quavering.

"Comrades," he said in the swift silence that swept through the room, "there has been a mistake. I fear an injustice has been done to a fine man, Major Sherwood."

There was something approaching a gasp of astonishment at that, the first open tribute the Colonel had ever been known to pay his ancient adversary. "Let us not be prejudiced, us brothers at arms and comrades all, by any long-standing differences of opinions," he went on. "Let me repeat that Major Sherwood is a fine and gallant man—though perhaps peculiar. So are we all peculiar and opinionated; but, God grant, honorable men! You all know that the Major and I have scarcely been what you would call intimate friends for a very great many years; but I trust I am big enough to concede his sterling worth."

There was a long and potent pause before he resumed, this time in a firmer tone of voice.

"Under the rules of our order I may not resign, save by death, without one month's notice. Therefore, I do now and here tender my resignation as commander of this post, in the sincere hope, trust, and belief that you will elect as my successor Major John Sherwood."

With his gavel he stilled the moment of disorder following and proceeded quite calmly to close the meeting. And, quite calmly too, he refused further to debate the question with any of those who attempted to discuss the question with him after they were assembled in the clubrooms. He did not linger to smoke or play games that night, and hastened to his carriage outside, used always on state occasions. Behind him he left men who grieved, and argued, and speculated as to how it could all be arranged. It seemed all of a sudden as if a chill wind, the chill wind of unfriendliness, had found its way

through the old walls. The fine, homelike, congenial atmosphere of the place was gone, as if the Great Reaper had cut the cord of brotherhood, as if a pestilence of restraint had swept upon them through the night.

The tall, thin form of the Colonel and his white face with its clipped mustache were not seen in the clubrooms for a day or two after that memorable night of the resignation. It was as if he, like the Major, had said his goodbye. Then, as if he had merely waited for the gossip of the old soldiers to tire itself, he reappeared as if nothing had happened, and was outwardly the same kindly, taciturn old man.

"I came back," he announced on the day of his return, "to enjoy my chair, to read the papers, to doze, to play bridge; not to discuss anything that has happened in our little circle. So I beg of you, Comrades, to refer to it no more; at least, while I am here."

The Sergeant, the Corporal, the bugler, and Hans nodded sagely, while the new waiter merely looked stupid and perplexed. How on earth could he, a way-faring waiter, know the soul of the Sheridan Club? The games resumed as usual, save that always, in the coming week, these fine old men felt the absence of the familiar face, the loss of the booming voice and the vigorous thump of the heavy cane of Major Sherwood. Indeed, their whole attitude was one of shame, as if secretly they had betrayed his trust in them—they who would not have wronged him, or proved disloyal, for anything in the world. Loyalty was their shibboleth, and Loyalty had been caught negligently napping.

MAY came,—May, the month when lovers love, and men go mad. The parks were green with life, warmth, and restlessness; but not all of this life and restlessness was pleasant, as was evidenced on a certain day devoted to unrest. Down through the streets one glorious afternoon came a turbulent parade. Not that all of those in it were of the discontented, but rather of the boisterously impetuous, who believed in a cause. Of them were thousands who did not know why they were not prosperous; but insisted that someone was at fault. Here and there a banner was carried voicing protest against anything, or everything. Here and there a transparency bore words approaching inflammatory utterance. Some of the marchers were careless, some sullen, and many showed plainly a foreign parentage. Now and then there was an American face, discontented, hoping to better the lot of the whole through some sort of organization. Now and then there was a prowling face set as if bent on attacking something, and scarcely knowing what, only that something must be attacked. Their bands blared discordantly, and their feet made a rumble as of coming revolt. By scores, by hundreds, by thousands, they filed along to the leafy square where they were to listen to addresses, each hoping therefrom to come to some light, to better his condition.

It is strange that Wisdom, accompanied by her sister, Thought, almost invariably comes quietly, that seldom do this twain travel surrounded by crowds and confusion. Also it is strange that discontent fosters discontent with the rapidity of deadly germs, and that wherever discontent gathers a leader appears, like a demagogue, whose rabid, unreasoning words would go unheard in other surroundings.

And so it was on this May day, there in the park. In an eddy of the great crowd, near the outskirts, a lonesome little old man with a cane, and a white mustache and goatee, was caught up, and swept along, wondering, and resisting, until he came to a halt. Then, interested and being lonely, and having no place to go, he cupped his hand behind his ear and listened for a time, as a man whose ideals were closely akin to anarchy harangued the assemblage. Shriller and shriller grew the orator's voice, louder and louder his denunciation, more unreasonable his speech. Then it happened! In a frenzy his hands went up,—clutching, lawless hands, that seized the flag that floated on the short staff behind him, and tore it down and threw it under foot.

THE square was a bedlam in an instant; but the one little old man shuddered as if seized by death, gasped, then turned and madly fought his way out. He looked angrily up and down the street. Moving slowly along was a splendid automobile, and, regardless of whether it was for hire, he plunged recklessly toward it, and boarded it.

"Take me to No. 7 West-st!" he shouted in a voice of such urgent, indomitable command that the chauffeur, believing that nothing save life and death could cause such an unusual proceeding, speedily obeyed. Traffic policemen swerved, under the same impression. Pedestrians hastily skipped from the path of the machine that roared down upon them, and in no time at all the car halted in front of the old red building with its faded signs. The strange passenger did not even pause to thank his drafted driver, but plunged out and up the stairs. The driver, with a sad shake of his head drove, slowly away. Into the club-room burst the Major, tense, indignant, aflame. The Colonel looked up at him from over his cards.

There are laws in our country that prohibit the exact quotation of some words, and in his first agonized volley the Major used some of these, as have many fighting men from time

Continued on page 16



Out Marched the Thin and Valorous Line of Blue.

ARMAND BOHM

THE THIN BLUE LINE

Continued from page 4



Be a Boy Again

There's plenty of kick left in your muscles if you would only give them a chance. Your nerves would still tingle to the old exhilaration, your blood would again course through your veins; your stomach, heart and lungs would work right with a little encouragement. Ridean

IVER JOHNSON
Truss-Bridge BICYCLE

You probably rode one as a boy—the Iver Johnson has been popular for nearly 30 years. It is made in a shop having the wonderful equipment needed to make high-grade firearms. Its bearings are more accurately ground and tempered and are more durable than those of other bicycles.

Send for 72-page Catalog of Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
149 River Street
FITCHBURG, MASS.
NEW YORK:
99 Chambers Street



Pen your thoughts with a Ball-Pointed Pen

When you write all your attention should be on your writing.

Ball-Pointed Pens glide so smoothly and easily over the paper's surface that you're hardly conscious of a pen in your hand. The "ball point" prevents the usual annoyance of scratching, digging and blotting.

Made in England of fine Sheffield Steel. Sold by stationers in ten varieties or sent postpaid by us. In Gold-coated, \$1.50 per gross—Silver Grey, \$1.00.

Sample Box of 24 by mail 25 Cents

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO.
99 William Street New York



WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

without a cent deposit, prepaid the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1913 model bicycles. Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory.

Tires, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, repairs and all sundries at half retail prices. Do not wait; write today for our special offer.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-191, CHICAGO

\$100 to \$300

Per Month Easily Made in the AUTOMOBILE BUSINESS

Learn to be a chauffeur, repairman, auto salesman or a demonstrator. First Lesson Free.

I Will Give You a 50 H. P. Coey Flyer Without a Cent in Cash

Write for big free catalogue telling about this great offer and how you can have steady work all year. C. A. COEY, Pres., C. A. COEY'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING, Dept. 175
1424-26 Michigan Ave., Chicago

immemorial. So they are not quoted; but among other things he roared out in a voice of indignation were these:

"Boys! Boys! They've torn it down—torn down the flag! They're trampling on it—there in the park—as if it were a rag! Boys! For God's sake—"

A card table was overturned, and the cards scattered on the floor. The ashtrays, now there, went rolling. There were angry shouts, hasty movements, and grim utterances. A man leaped on a chair and dragged down a battleflag. It was Hans Wagner, a fighting man once more. Down the stairs he plunged, bareheaded, the tails of his antiquated coat of service flapping round his legs. Behind him they came pellmell, veterans all, knowing but one thing,—the old, old call, the call to the flag! And wheezily bringing up the rear was Maloney, with his bugle in his hand. As if discipline were instinctive after all the lapsed years, they halted in the street, a brave eleven of them.

"Fall in!" commanded the thin voice of the Colonel.

"Right face!"

"By twos! Forward—march!"

MALONEY'S bugle quavered a feeble note, and down the street they went, some of them with canes, one with a crutch, some nimble, some lame, following it, the Zouave banner carried by a Wagner, beneath which a Wagner had bled away his life. Its shot-torn shreds again fluttered in the wind, as if glad to go out to so gallant a death, to end so gloriously. It encouraged its followers to speed. Crutch and cane thumped faster on the pavements as they advanced. Panting and half-spent, but buoyed up, inspirited, stimulated, by the great wine of patriotism, the little army came to the square. It was filled with a yelling mob, above which fluttered no flag—for it threatened to become a mob without a flag, unless of red. From the head of the column came the shrill command of the fine old voice, "At the double! Charge!"

Maloney, who had been assisted in the last lap of the march by two of the stronger veterans, lifted the bugle to his white lips and straightened himself for his greatest effort. His restricted throat suddenly relaxed, as he forgot everything save the command. Loud and clear he sounded the call that had beckoned hundreds on to glory and to death. Insistent and sharp the old bugle threw its note above the murmur of the crowd, even as it had sounded its defiant clarion over the groans of the wounded and dying, and the screams of pitifully riddled cavalry horses.

The gallant six hundred are fabled in story and song; but they were six hundred. There is a vast difference between that fierce clank of harness, the rattle of scabbard, the swing of steel, the thunder of hoofs beneath six hundred men, and the charge of that thin blue line on this mad day of May. One had the intoxication of numbers, the other merely the grim resolve to perpetuate an ideal. Into the crowd they broke, a wild-eyed, thin-haired old man, threatening to strike with the staff of a ragged battleflag, followed by white-headed old men using crutch or cane. And now repeatedly the bugle blew, and the mob wavered and opened up a tiny path as they advanced.

THE men of Sheridan Post were going into their last battle, hoping for nothing, desiring neither wreath of glory nor word of commendation, intent on but one thing,—the planting of the flag. So, by this, the charge of the six hundred came as no more of a desperate surprise, nor was more desperately effective. Like a wedge following the banner, they clove their way, and men fell back, astonished, amazed, paralyzed into inactivity. Had cavalry charged them, inflamed as they were, the men of that mob might have fought back, dragging horse and rider down to be trampled under foot; but here were a mere handful of old men, boldly defying Fate, casting a gauntlet in the very face of Death himself, and moving, ever moving, toward the stand on which the latest impassioned destroyer stood, speechless and awed. Up to the steps they came, the thin line of blue. The battleflag began to ascend. The thin voice shouted:

"Clear 'em away from the flagstaff, Boys! Clear 'em away! Charge!"

It was the Major's cane that swept through the air, the May sun glinting from its shellac as if from polished steel, as it described its arc—and at the foot of the staff crumpled the man who had dishonored its emblem.

"Attention!" shouted the thin voice of the Colonel. "Wagner, raise the flag!"

And then as it lifted its ragged folds into the air the voice commanded, "Salute!"

Panting, but rigid, the men of Sheridan Post brought their heels together and stood at salute as the bunting whipped up its low height, caught a wandering breeze, and flapped out over its last field. Maloney made a last desperate effort; but the bugle trembled in his hands and was mute. Twice he bravely tried, then leaned heavily against the nearest man, white, suffering, and spent. Around them were shouts, curses, denunciations. At their feet the man who had been preaching anarchy sat up in a daze, and wiped from his forehead a tiny, trickling, sanguinary stream. The weak voice of the commander attempted to make itself heard. It could not. Only the thin line of blue standing guard beside the flag heard the Colonel's next words.

"Major! Major Sherwood!" he implored. "You can make them hear. I can't. Tell them, old comrade, for God's sake, tell them how mistaken they are!"

AS if this too were a bugle call, the little man sprang forward, and leaned across the flimsy railing and held up his hand. There was that in his attitude, his age, his appearance, that made the mob pause and listen when the deep voice boomed out, as if it were a great bell of destiny.

"Listen!" he said. "Give me but a few words. You ask for fair play. That is all we ask—fair play!"

Slowly the great crowd hushed, and those on the edges strained themselves to hear what might be said. He waited until assured that his voice would carry.

"In every cause that the world has known there have been two sides. Sometimes it took blood and tears to decide the just; but always through the immutable wisdom of God Almighty the just side won. We, my comrades and I, are not here to adjudicate the cause you represent. We, like you, do not know. You see the rich man, pilferer or prodigy, perhaps, driving past you in his automobile, and are embittered. Whether he is a pilferer, or a prodigy, I cannot say; yet I appreciate the hopelessness of the man whose family suffers, and starves, and dies,—the misery of the man who sees his little girls, childish, untempered, unformed, driven to work lest soul and body part for want of wages and food. And I too know the anguish of the voice that cries aloud to God, 'Why? Why can such things be?'"

"But, Men, back of it all, almost as big, it seems to me, as God Himself, is that thing which has become the earthly god of my comrades and me, the emblem that stands for us as the emblem of justice, and right,—the flag, the flag of our country! Other men, believing it a banner of injustice, have tried to tear it down today. You can tear it down; but you can't tear down what it stands for,—a nation founded on the principle of freedom, and the right to advance by individual worth; that men are equal; that men shall profit in keeping with their intelligence, their humanity, their kindness! It stands for us! Under it we cling to the ideal! Under it we strive and hope, and never yet has a righteous army fought beneath it and failed to win! More than a million men fought for or against it, before most of you were born, and yet it flies, and those who fought against it are as proud of it as those who fought for it. What are your paltry struggles and puny disputes compared to the life of the flag, the flag some of you have today dishonored? What of your families, you ask?"

"And so do I ask you, what of the thousands of families wrecked by the Civil War which decided whether that flag should survive? Shame on you! Was there no American here to offer his life rather than that flag should have been torn down and trampled under foot? Was there no man here who would fight, and fight, and gloriously die, rather than see his country's flag pulled down? Is it possible that there is among you none worthy of being called American? Is it possible that there is none among you brave enough to place his country, his nation, his flag, above the mere shedding of his life? Is there no point where a man may rise above cowardice, above death itself, in defense of a banner, glorious, unsullied, representing freedom and hope?"

He paused as if spent for breath. His voice had arisen, denunciatory, pleading, or reasoning, above the sway of the trees and the rustling of the crowd. His stature seemed to have increased, until he was tall and commanding. His years seemed to have dropped away, until his eyes were bright, and fierce, and compelling. It was as if some spark of youth, strong and domi-

HERE'S YOUR WANT!
"Skipper" Sardines

IN PURE
OLIVE OIL
OR
PURE
TOMATO
SAUCE



"Skipper" Sardines are from the cold, clean salt waters of Norway.

They're the ever-ready dish to have in the pantry for all eating occasions.

No scales, no hard bones to worry about in "Skipper" Sardines.

These dainty, wholesome, palate pleasing Sardines are different.

Your grocer should supply you. If he refuses, send us 45 cents (cash or stamps) and we will send you prepaid three (3) 15c tins of "Skipper" Sardines. We agree to refund your money if the sardines do not give satisfaction.

Angus Watson & Co. Sole Proprietors
1007 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

CLEAN-POLISH



3-IN-ONE oil immediately removes stains, spots and scars from piano cases and all fine furniture. It restores the original luster and a bright lasting finish. Just a gentle rub with a rag moistened with 3-IN-ONE and any varnished or veneered surface will shine like new. Contains no grease or acid to soil or injure; has no disagreeable varnish odor. Try it at our expense.

FREE Write at once. Give name of your dealer. Get a sample bottle and "the new way" to polish pianos absolutely free. A library slip packed with every bottle.

3-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42AKM Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS—150% PROFIT

FOOT SCRAPER and CLEANER needed on every porch and outside door step. Right now is the time to sell it. A winner. C.P. Draper, Mass., first order for 200.—Profit \$90. W.W. Harpster, Pa., made \$27.45 profit in 4 evenings spare time work. Write quick for terms of free sample. Thomas Mfg Co. 3910 Home St. Dayton, O.

CASH FOR OLD GOLD

silver, diamonds, watches, gold jewelry, platinum, false teeth, new or broken, any quantity. Ship by mail or express. We send full value the day goods are received and if our offer is not satisfactory, we return the goods at our expense. We also sell diamonds, watches, jewelry, at half the usual price. Write for catalogue showing 2,000 bargains. Bank reference. Established 1896. Liberty Refining Co., 431 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

ERICKSON TEST LEG \$15

FREE, if you buy our artificial leg. Reduces stump in 30 days. Send for Catalog, Arms, Legs, Wheel Chairs. ERICKSON ART. LUMB CO., 6 Wash. Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn.

IF YOU ENJOY GOLF, TENNIS, YACHTING, BATHING, COME TO PROSPECT HOUSE Shelter Island Heights, L. I., N. Y. Country and Shore combined. Send for Booklet. JAMES A. EBEN, Manager.

MONEY IN MUSHROOMS MAKE BIG INCOME MEN AND WOMEN can do this growing mushrooms at home in cellars, stables, sheds, boxes, etc., all the year. Crop sells for five to \$1 a pound. Great demand—markets waiting. Big booklet telling how to do it FREE. NATIONAL SPAWN CO., Dept. 2, Boston, Mass.

PATENTS SECURED OR FREE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS WORTH MONEY

For books that tell WHAT patents bring MOST MONEY, and WHY—send 10 cents postage to R.S. & A.B. LACEY, E44, Washington, D. C. Established 1869

nant, had been blown to flame in his aged shell. And Youth, triumphant, lending him the torch, made him impressive. Below him men began to waver, to nod approval, to look ashamed. Those nearest could not meet the flame in his eyes, but shifted away. Across the square the chimes of a bell, melancholy as sorrow, inexorable and slow as the knell of Fate, shivered the air with the stroke of the hour. He waited until the last echoes had died away across the city roofs. The clang of a streetcar disturbed another second, and then was gone. Youth had carried away his torch, and the Major's voice was low and breaking as he finished in that same hushed silence.

"We ask but this, that you respect the flag for which my comrades and I fought. You may trample us under foot, as you trampled its red and white bars and its field of blue awhile ago; but in it were stars! Men, you can't trample out the stars! We are ready! Come on!"

HE fell back into the thin blue line that guarded the battleflag above them, dreading yet defying the end. For an instant there was silence, and then there arose a lone shout. For an instant it could not be defined as a cheer or a curse. It became a cheer. Others caught it up. It swept upward in a terrific roar that resounded and beat against the walls of the skyscrapers about the square. In it was something deeper than hatred, more glorious than battle, the rhythmic, inexorable shout of destiny, the call for the flag. Inspiring, fervent, and loyal, it gained in volume until it seemed to the thin blue line that the Heavens rocked as if battered by the sound of a thousand heavy guns.

A man came squirming and wriggling

through the crowd and climbed to the platform carrying a bundle under his arm. He paused long enough to shout at the anarchist, who had recovered, and now seized the opportunity to drop back into the crowd and slink away, his failure complete. The newcomer doffed his hat and handed to the Major another flag, which the Major took, held reverently to his lips, and then placed in the hands of Colonel Horton. The latter turned to Hans.

"Wagner, run this up and bring the other down!" he said hoarsely, and again the men of Sheridan stood at salute.

Up it went, proudly rising above their heads as it had risen in those years before over hard-fought fields. Its colors caught the flash of the late sun, and every bar of red seemed colored by the blood of men who had fought for it, every bar of white the symbol of forgiveness for those who had fought against it. Gently the thin blue line uncovered and saluted it. Weakly the voice of the Colonel was heard above the mad cheers.

"Attention! By twos! Forward—march!"

And as they passed through the lane so widely and respectfully opened for them it was observed that behind the tattered flag of war, carried by a man in servant's garb, walked two old men who clung to each other's arms as if glad, at least, to walk together bravely to the end, and that two others half carried a tired, suffering old man who clung to a battered but shining bugle. And so, out of the square, and into the shadows of the long, long street, so like a road leading into the sunset and the end of life, marched the thin and valorous line of blue; but behind them there fluttered on its staff the thing they had defended, the embodiment of a sentiment and an ideal—the flag!

HOW WOODROW WILSON WORKS

Continued from page 6

and the assistant secretaries. If you want to see the secretary to the President now, the only trouble you have to take is to remove your hat as you turn the knob and walk into the secretary's office. Even if you didn't take off your hat, the chances are that nobody would bawl you out. And, if you say enough to Mr. Tumulty to persuade him that you have real business with the President, it is a good hundred-to-one shot that you will see the President at the earliest possible moment.

WORKING all the time for results, the kind of results that he is convinced must be had, Mr. Wilson is essentially human and individualistic. That is why he gave Washington a thrill when he carried into effect his declaration that whenever occasion arose he would go to the President's room in the Capitol and there confer with Senators and Representatives in regard to important pending legislation. That is also why he gave the capital a bigger thrill when he went into the House, and, holding his first annual message in his hand, stood before that vast assemblage of Senators and Representatives and read the document from beginning to end.

Almost any other man would have betrayed some signs of nervousness. He was going through what was really a trying ordeal. He was running counter to a precedent that had existed since the days of Thomas Jefferson. He, more keenly than any other man in the chamber, realized that there were among his hearers many who disapproved of his course. Being a trained and practised public speaker, he has the faculty of sensing the mental attitude of his hearers. Moreover, some of his friends and advisers had told him that there was opposition among Senators and Representatives to his appearing before them.

Nevertheless, he showed neither nervousness nor excitement. And, as soon as he had explained that his reason for coming in person before Congress was that he wanted to be a human being so as to cooperate with other human beings in a common service, he won those who had been opposed to his taking such action.

That is the keynote to the character and work of Wilson. He insists on being a human being. He has his own ideas and views—and, to back them up, he has a long, broad chin. But he dislikes the idea that, as he explained, "the President of the United States is a mere department of the government, hailing from some isolated island of jealous power." He wants to be close—humanly close—to all the individuals composing the government.

When he gets an opinion, he gets it by thorough study and swift, efficient thought—and he hangs onto it. But he is extremely

natural and unassuming when he finds it necessary to gather information, to make investigations, and to ask questions. The asking of questions, somebody once said, indicates a clever child or a great man. Wilson not being a child, you may take your choice.

LIKEWISE he is intensely human in his insistence that punctuality must be the rule in his office. Time, he knows, as does every successful business man, is the capital with which he must work in order to make good on his job. That is why he makes a science out of the art of getting rid of his callers when they have exhausted their time and the time that he promised beforehand to give them.

When you consider that between his breakfast and nine-thirty or ten o'clock he finishes dictating replies to all his letters every day, you arrive at some idea of how he values minutes, and also of how he utilizes them. This dictation is done in his library in the White House proper before he crosses over to the executive offices. Sometimes he is through with the correspondence by a few minutes past nine.

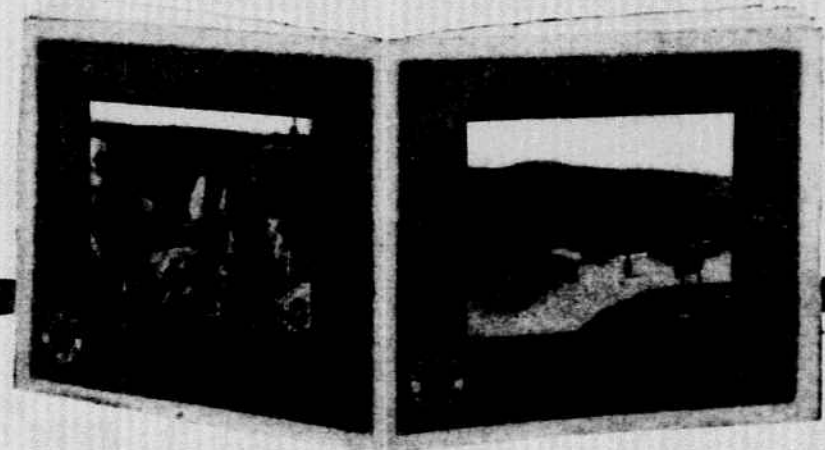
One thing more: If he makes a rule, whether it be in his private life or in his public capacity, he will not brook an infringement of it. When he first became President, he announced that office seekers must see the members of the Cabinet and explain to them their reasons for wanting government positions. One day a venture-some individual, having gained access to the President on a pretext, sat down and began to unfold the beautiful panorama of the talents that entitled him to a fat job.

"That will do, Sir," said the President coldly. "You know my rule."

That ended the conference—and, it may be remarked in passing, it ended all attempts of job seekers to pour their glittering stories into the Wilsonian ear. He takes the view that his work is above and higher than that of dispensing all the federal patronage.

QUEER FACTS ABOUT COLORS

EXPERIMENTS have been made in Europe to determine what color in a soldier's uniform is the least conspicuous to an enemy. Of ten men, two were dressed in light gray uniform, two in dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue, and two in scarlet. All were then ordered to march off, while a group of officers remained watching them. The first to disappear in the landscape was the light gray, and next, surprising as it may seem, the scarlet. Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and the green remained visible long after all the others had disappeared. Experiments in firing at blue and red targets, according to same experiments, proved that blue could be more easily seen at a distance than red.



Fun For Everybody in Yellowstone National Park

☐ The Geysers, Cataracts, Canyons, Mountains, Lakes and Streams are spread in most alluring array around the superb 143-mile coaching trip through America's Only Geyserland. Jaunts of one, two or more days at small cost, or complete tour in 6 days only \$55.50. Fishing galore in the flashing trout streams—side trips to the haunts of Bison, Bear, Deer, Elk, Antelope, Beaver, and other weird creatures so plentiful in this greatest of Uncle Sam's preserves. Go this summer sure!

☐ Low fares for the Park trip by itself or in connection with Pacific Coast trips. Through sleeping cars direct to Gardiner Gateway, the Original Yellowstone Park entrance from Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and from Pacific Coast daily during season. Gardiner is reached only via the Northern Pacific.

☐ Personally Conducted Excursions from Chicago every Sunday June 22 to September 7, to and through the Park and return to Chicago. The no-bother, most-fun way. Make reservations early. Let me tell you about Summer Tourist and Convention Tickets at greatly reduced rates. Say whether you want to make Park trip, or go on to Pacific Coast.

☐ Attach 3 two cent stamps to coupon for new beautifully executed view album of Yellowstone Park. This new book is easily worth a dollar. Send quick for your copy.

YELLOWSTONE PARK BOOK COUPON

This coupon and six cents in stamps will bring the book to you. Just fill in same and address plainly.

Check here ☐ if interested in Personally Conducted Through Park Service.

Check here ☐ if interested in Yellowstone Park and Pacific Coast trips.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....

A. M. CLELAND, General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA
Offices in Leading Cities

Northern Pacific Railway

Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915 Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915



PERFECT SELF-DEVELOPMENT WITHOUT A PHYSICAL EFFORT

Through a
New Process of Deep Breathing by Wearing
PROF. CHAS. MUNTER'S

Trade Mark **NULIFE** Patented

Just Pull the Belt and NULIFE Does the Rest
FOR EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD



STRAIGHTENS round shoulders, expands the chest and develops the lungs, fills out all the hollows in the neck and chest without massage or creams, and removes the surplus fatty tissues on neck and back. Reduces the abdomen, supports the entire body and prevents tired feeling. **SLIM** people developed, **STOUT** people reduced, **SHORT** people increased.

Special Offer to Readers of this Magazine. Send me \$2.00 at once, with your height, weight, chest measurement and sex, and I will send you my latest and best model NULIFE, prepaid, and **Guarantee You Instant Bodily Improvement.** More than 8,000,000 people are already living testimonials of its wonderful benefits.

Address **PROF. CHAS. MUNTER, Dept. 102, 141-143-145 West 36th Street, New York City**
My illustrated book, "Self-Development Without Exercise," sent you **Free** upon request. **Inquire for Agency**

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Your advertisement inserted in the classified column of

THE ASSOCIATED SUNDAY MAGAZINES

will be placed upon the library table of more than
one million four hundred thousand homes each week

RATE, \$4.00 per line. No fakes or extravagant copy accepted. Smallest space sold, 4 lines,—largest, 12 lines

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

RECORD-HERALD BLDG., CHICAGO

FARM LANDS

GET YOUR HOME in the Northwest United States. Locate adjacent to Northern Pacific Railway—the best developed sections of the Northwest—in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, the land of prize cattle and crops. Stay near home markets; quick transportation; close to good neighbors and good schools, no isolated pioneering. Free U. S. Government homestead land; State land on easy terms; deeded land at low prices and on crop payment plan. Write quick for free literature about these "prosperity States of America"—say what State most interests you. Ask about low fares. L. J. Bricker, Gen'l Immigration Agt., 251 Northern Pacific Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

I MADE \$50,000 IN FIVE YEARS WITH A small Mail Order business; began with \$5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, 40 Charles Street, Lockport, N. Y.

CORPORATIONS

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least Cost. Transact business, keep books anywhere. President Stoddard, former Secretary of Arizona. Free Laws, By-Laws and Forms. Reference: Any Bank in Arizona. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 800, Phoenix, Arizona.

HELP WANTED, MALE

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOK TELLS OF ABOUT 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-1174. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. You can write them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand and good pay. Details free. Associated Motion Picture Schools, 622 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

COINS AND STAMPS

\$4.25 PAID FOR 1856 FLYING EAGLE CENT. Hundreds of other coins bought. Send 10 cents for buying catalog. A. H. Kraus, 210 Kraus Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Free Samples. Send 2 negatives for free sample prints. Developing 10c per roll, any size. Velox prints 2 1/2 x 3 1/4, 3c, 2 1/2 x 4 1/4, 4c, 3 1/2 x 4 1/4, 5c. Eastman's Improved Finishing Methods Used. Littlefield & Son, Dept. E, Delavan, Wis.